



## What Davy Brown Learned From Uncle Mose About Prehistoric Relics, and the Strange Adventure That Was the Outcome

**D**AVY BROWN and Uncle Mose were great friends. Uncle Mose was an old colored man who by profession was a "kalsomine artist," as he called it, but he was known to all his neighbors as a "whitewasher." He was old, far older than anybody else in Watertown, and very, very wise, of course, as was quite natural in one of his age. That he was fond of a little boy might be considered odd, but it often happens that an aged man becomes attached to a youngster, and these two certainly were great friends.

Uncle Mose lived right by the riverside and he owned a boat in which Davy spent many a happy hour. The banks of the river were high and of a sandy, gravelly soil, in which men of science came very often to dig for those objects of stone—hatchets, arrowheads and the like—which are scattered all over our land, but nowhere so plentifully as on the banks of this river. As far back as Davy could recollect he had seen Uncle Mose assisting these scientific visitors with shovel and pick, but he never realized how much Uncle Mose knew about these things until he was quite a big boy and had begun to find arrowheads and such things for himself.

One day he picked up a long straight club-shaped article, very carefully polished, in a spot where the river bank had fallen recently, and he hastened to Uncle Mose to learn what it was, for he had never seen such an instrument, although now he was quite familiar with many of the objects discovered in the gravel.



"Dat's a pestle, fo' sure!" exclaimed Uncle Mose. "Dat's what dem Stone Age men used ter grind de corn in a big hollow rock! I'll bet you could git a half dollar for dat if one of dem purfessors was 'roun' heah!"

"But why did they take so much trouble, those Stone Age men?" demanded the boy. "Why didn't they take their corn to the mill and have it ground?"

"How you talk! Don't you know dey didn't have no mill nor nothin' in dem times?" replied Mose. "Dey jist naturally had to do everything by hand."

"How long ago was that time?" asked Davy. "Long before all dat gravel and sand came to be piled on to de earth," said Uncle Mose. "P'raps thirty, mebbe a hundred thousand years ago."

"How do you know that?" asked the boy.

"Cause we find dem stone things down beneath the gravel and sand. De purfessors say dat long 'bout de Caloric Age, or some sich time, down came, slam bang, sping! all dat gravel a-whirlin' and a-twirlin' and buried up everything in sight—trees, men, animals and all! Fust time I hear 'bout it t'was good while sence, and dey says dat it all happen in what dey call de Ice Age, and den dey say de ice come bring all dat sand, clay and gravel here; but lately dem purfessors dey say it's impossible for any ice to make all dat stuff, and, besides dat, where de ice to git all dat stuff from, anyway?"

"Well, then, where did it come from?" demanded Davy.

"Dey says a comet jist hailed off and slapped it all on de face of de earth, and den went spinning away agin! Reckon dat's right, 'cause all dat sand and clay am jist mussed up in spots like de wind swept it 'roun' and 'roun' like a snowdrift. And down at de bottom, underneath the hardest and de toughest part, lays dem stone knives and axes and so on."

"Well, anyhow, even if de ice brought it, all these things must be mighty old," ventured the boy. "Betcher life!" exclaimed Uncle Mose. "I reckon dem was de times of 'witches and hobgoblins! Why, dey had amimals 'bout as big as railroad trains a-wanderin' 'roun' de earth seeking who dey might devour, 'cause some of deir skeletons has been found, and in 'em, sticking to deir ribs, am arrows and spears!"

"Gee whiz!" exclaimed Davy. "I wish I'd been alive then!"

"You wouldn't a' been a mouthful to one of dem taxidermusses, or dem alabasteroziums!" replied the old man. "I seen de head of what dey call a squimusotheurium, and it was bigger dan your pa's wagon body!"

Now Uncle Mose, as your father will tell you, did not really name these ancient animals correctly, but it made no difference to Davy, who listened in wonder and awe, after which he searched more eagerly for relics of the past and found many, which he sold to collectors for good sums. Along the sloping banks of the river and up the narrow creeks that flowed into it he roamed daily, with keen eyes that rarely missed the gleam of a white quartz arrowhead, the rough end of a spearhead or some other ancient implement.



Every time he spied a freshly-fallen mass of gravel he hastened to it, and it was not often that he failed to find a treasure hidden there. In time the professors from the colleges, who fairly haunted that locality, came to look for him and depend on him for supplies, and in the college museums were many things marked with Davy Brown's name as the original discoverer, which he had presented to the museums.

One summer afternoon he struck a new spot, one that he had never explored, where immense trees overhung a high-banked creek, and among the gnarled roots of a fallen tree he spied something that reflected the sunshine with a strange, greenish gleam. It was half buried in the sand, but his keen, practiced eye instantly detected that it was stone and one of the ancient relics.

When he had lifted it from its gravelly bed he was delighted to find that he had discovered something entirely new and strange, a stone object the like of which nobody had ever before seen; for, of course, Davy now knew just about what had been found previously, because the professors had given him many books on the subject of Stone Age implements.

The thing which he had found was made of a dull green flinty stone, shaped like a heart, with a surface dull but smooth; and when Davy had removed the clinging earth from it he saw that a small round hole had been bored through it so that it might be suspended, like a locket, about the neck of its wearer.



THE GREAT BEAST RAPIDLY OVERTOOK THE KING

He hastened home with his prize, Doctor Pollard, the eminent oculist, who was always a famous judge of diamonds and other precious stones, instantly pronounced the find to be an emerald and one of immense value. Mr. Goldgrubber, the town jeweler, offered Davy \$15 for it as soon as he saw it! Judge of Davy's surprise when Professor Rankin, of Princeton, declared that the emerald heart was worth fully \$50,000.

Parting with it was far from his mind, but as Goldgrubber said it ought to be polished, Davy began to accomplish the task in a Japanese manner, which consists simply in rubbing a stone between the hands. This is the way they used to give such a perfect polish to the beautiful "cloisonne ware" before they learned how to polish with machinery.

Day after day Davy rubbed his prize, noting with delight that it grew smoother and more shining as the time passed, although it certainly taxed the boy's patience. Finally it glittered like a green sun, and not a scratch remained to show what hard usage it had passed through during the thousands of years it had lain in the gravel amid pounding rocks and swirling floods.

Now, boylike, he had often held the stone heart to the light and looked through its green splendor at the sun, for it was as clear as crystal throughout and flawless; but one day he saw with astonishment as he peered through it that he was looking clear through the walls of the house and across the fields beyond! This was his first intimation that the stone had magic qualities. He tested it again to find that with its aid it was possible to see through all sorts of substances, and then he discovered—although this happened later—that with it one could see anything he wished the world over!



At first he experimented only with simple things, such as looking down the well or through the thickness of an oak tree or into a rock. Then he went farther, and saw by its magic where things were lost and what people were doing afar off. Thus, without leaving his own room, he could see a play in the theatre or witness the performance in a circus, although, of course, he could hear nothing at all of what was said. As to fires, it was possible to see a half dozen at once if he wished, and prize-fights, football games, boat races and baseball were continual sources of fun.

He used to spy into all sorts of things at first, detecting all manner of wonderful happenings; he knew just what everybody carried in his pockets, and he could read anybody's letters in the post office if he wished. Thus he knew where Uncle Amos spent his evenings, how much money Mr. Barritt had in the bank, and whose dogs were killing sheep; nobody in the town could keep a secret from him so far as it related to actions, for he could see everything.

Later he found that he could detect diseases which had baffled even Dr. Reynolds' skill. His Aunt Amanda Brewer was a lady who imagined she had every disease in the known world, and was continually on the lookout for symptoms of new ones. When she read the advertisement of any patent medicine she instantly imagined that she felt every pain and ache there described, and in the course of one day she would have every symptom of a dozen awful illnesses very plain and distinct.

At one moment she would have all the signs of the disease cured by Fortner's Fiery Fever Pills, then the Baldine advertisement would cause a queer feeling in her scalp; next Carmony's Celery Compound had her all twisted with agony unexpressed, after which for a short period she would lament that she felt as if she needed Potter's Peruvian Lung Balsam. Griggs' German Capsules, Irish Moss Tablets, Codd's Emulsion, Liquid Air Inhaler, Radium Plasters and Mixem's Talcum Powders gave her, one after another, spasms of mysterious aches, as she read about them; and anybody who wished to afflict the good woman had but to send her by mail the circular of some new medicine to fill her with woe.

All her time was spent in taking her temperature,

watching her symptoms, pouring out doses, counting her pulse and reading the testimonials of the latest inventions in the patent medicine line. Upon her Davy concentrated his magic heart, and after carefully examining her interior he told his troubled relations, who were constantly expecting Aunt Amanda to die suddenly, that she was the healthiest woman in Watertown. But Aunt Amanda was very indignant at his taking such a liberty with her Department of the Interior, and said that when she did die she would leave nothing to Davy!

Everybody in town at last knew that he was able to detect all hidden things, and for a time Davy was well liked and actually made quite a good income by finding lost articles. Thus he discovered a lost deed that had been hidden in a wall for nearly a century and which gave Squire Gelwicks, when it was taken to court, complete possession of a large tract of land all built up with handsome houses and stores; for all this property had once belonged to his great-grandfather, who had lost the deed.

Then, again, Davy gained a great reputation for miles around by seeking for and finding a very valuable coal mine on a farm belonging to a poor man, who at once became a millionaire and who gave Davy \$5,000 for the discovery; but as time passed people began to worry over his power of detecting secrets, for all knew that nothing was hidden from him. The Common Council at last held a meeting and decided that the magic heart must be taken from him and placed in the City Hall safety vault, where the city charter, the Civic Pride and the Freedom of the City were stored, along with the old battle-flags and last year's ballot boxes.

This was not to Davy's liking, you may be sure, and as he now had plenty of money he resolved to foil the plotters by running away. So, late at night, he slipped away, and taking a train he was far from his home by morning, and at the shores of another big greater river, where ships lay at the wharves—immense vessels that sailed to foreign lands with cargoes of all sorts.

On one of them, "The Sleeping Cow," commanded by Captain Spellweather, Davy took passage to Oquimba, which is a country not far from Alibaz and near to Belochistan. It's not on any map, so you needn't look in your geography, for it's too small to be put there. It was ruled by King Oram the Ninetieth, who had a daughter so surpassingly lovely that all his income was derived from charging visitors one dollar each just to look at her for a few minutes! Some wealthy young men had become poor gazing at the beautiful face; others had squandered such vast sums that the King was really a millionaire. Still he was as eager as ever to gather in the money, and he had issued a proclamation that for five dollars one might look at her and make a guess; for twenty-five dollars he might stare at the lovely princess, whose name was Cinnabel, for a half hour and have two guesses. There were, however, so few visitors in Oquimba of late that scarcely ten a day came to the palace to see the lovely Cinnabel and have a try at the King's guessing-match; and, strange to say, some of them were never seen to come out of the palace after entering it!



Now, as soon as the ship was tied up at her wharf, the captain, crew and passengers heard all about this guessing business, and they marveled much, for it had all come about since the ship had been there before; but as Davy's curiosity was vastly excited he got out his magic glass and took a long, careful look at the Princess. He was immensely pleased with her, and with gazing on her beautiful face he soon fell in love with her, also. He resolved to visit the greedy King, but before he did so he examined the whole royal palace to discover what it was that the King made his visitors guess.

There happened to be a rich young man from Pittsburg, Pa., there at the time trying to make a proposition to the King to let him marry his daughter, and while Davy could not, of course, hear what was said, he had a pretty good idea of what was

happening. The King had told the young man that if he gave him two hundred thousand dollars and guessed, first, what was in a certain ebony box, and then what was behind a certain brass door, he might ask the Princess to wed him, but that was all.

The young man was quite confident that the Princess would have him, because all Pittsburg lads are very pleasing to princesses; but he didn't want to take the risk of guessing, as he was a poor guesser. But after a time he tried to hazard what was in the box, and said it contained diamonds, and then he declared that the Princess herself stood behind the brass door.

When he had uttered the words the door flew open, and into the room flew an awful Thing! It was as big as an elephant, all hairy and spiky like a big chestnut burr, with long claws and horns, and eyes like fire. It rushed at the young man, and as it did so the King slipped out through a tiny little door concealed in the wall and escaped. The Thing swallowed the poor young man so suddenly that Davy scarcely saw how it was done; and then, after snuffing at the tiny door, it went back into the place from whence it came. Then the door closed and the King appeared, grinning, and he took the bags of gold which the ill-fated young man had laid on the table and went away laughing. Davy's blood boiled in his veins, and he resolved to punish this bad, cruel monarch.



Next day he walked about the public gardens of the palace and yet made no attempt to enter, but peering into his magic emerald he saw that the Princess was watching him from behind the window curtains with much interest. On the following morning he again appeared in the garden, and this time the King came forth and said:

"Good morning, my young friend. I suppose you have come, like all the others, to steal a glimpse of the Princess without paying the usual fee! Ha! ha! It can't be done! I keep her too well concealed!"

"Oh, I am not so fond of looking at girls, whether princesses or cooks, especially when it costs money!" replied Davy, laughing. "Girls are plenty enough in our town, I assure you!"

He caught the gleam of Cinnabel's eyes at the window as he spoke, and he was quite sure that she heard him.

"Ah, but no such beauties as the Princess Cinnabel exist anywhere else!" declared the monarch of Oquimba. "She is said to be fairer than the day! I am sure that you will feel sorry to have missed seeing her," he added.

"I guess she's no prettier than my sister Molly!" said Davy.

"If you are such a good guesser, I'll let you do some guessing!" said the King, his cruel eyes glittering with spite. "Come inside, and if you can guess what's in my ebony chest I'll let you see my daughter for nothing!"

"If you will promise to give her to me I'll try it!" declared Davy.

"Tell you what I'll do," said the King, grinning. "If you can guess what's in the box and what's in the next room I'll let you marry her and be my heir! Now, that's fair, isn't it?"

Davy said it certainly seemed so, and he followed the King into the palace; but as he started to do so he saw the beautiful Princess show her face at the window and motion him to run away. Then he was quite sure that she pitied him and wished to save him from the jaws of the King's pet animal; but, in fact, she knew nothing at all about the awful Thing and was merely signaling him to go to the rear garden, where she meant to slip out and speak to him, perhaps tell him what was in the ebony chest. However, he went inside; and the King, pointing to the black box, asked:

"Now, tell me what's inside of that?"

Davy, who had often looked into the box during the last two days and knew exactly what it contained, pretended to be thinking deeply, and after a long pause he said, hesitatingly:

"It seems such an odd thing that a king should conceal such unroyal articles in such a costly box!"

## How He Accomplished the Downfall of a Cruel King and the Release of a Beautiful Princess—His Magic Emerald

The King turned pale, and then, laughing, he said:

"Come! Speak up and say what you think!"

"In that costly box are three pieces of stale bread, two frankfurter sausages, an old woolen sock and a bit of leather that is part of a harness!" replied Davy, with decision, looking the King in the eye. The King jumped about four feet into the air, and cried:

"Somebody must have told you! Or else you are a wizard!"

"The question now is, am I right?" demanded Davy. "Are those things in the box, or are they not?"

"You have guessed rightly. Now, what's in the next room, beyond that brass door?" asked the monarch, trying, as he spoke, to edge toward his little door to escape, but Davy had placed himself before that door as soon as he entered the room, and he got closer to it now. The King spoke in a nervous manner, and said:

"I'll allow you to examine that brass door if you like, so that perhaps you may guess easier."

Now Davy knew well that the electric button which opened the big brass door was in the wall near the small exit, and he laid his hand on it as he replied:

"No, I can guess without leaving this spot. I don't know the name of your pet beast, but I'll show him to you!"

Then he pressed the button, and as the brass door flew open he slipped through the tiny door, which opened at the same moment.



The King, seeing that he never could escape through his own little exit, had started to run toward the door of the room, which he had carefully closed and locked; but the frightful Thing darted upon him and swallowed him as quickly as it had ever swallowed any of his victims! He uttered an awful yell as he vanished down that terrible red throat, a yell that rang through the whole palace, and that was the last of King Oram the Ninetieth!

When Davy darted through the little door he found himself in the main hall, where was gathered a host of the palace inmates shivering in terror, for that yell was merely the last one of many others that had always followed the entrance into that fatal room of one of the suitors of the beautiful Princess.

When Davy told them that the King had been swallowed by his pet they all shouted with joy, and instantly called for Cinnabel. When she appeared they said that the good King Oram, her dearly-loved father, had left without any parting message, and, very likely, would never come back—for they didn't want to hurt her feelings—and that now she was Queen of Oquimba.

"But is this legal?" she demanded. "Who can prove that my father has but gone on a short journey and that he may not return at any moment?"

"I can swear that he went on a short journey, all right!" declared Davy. "The trip was perhaps only a few yards in length, but it's a cinch that he will stay there, for he simply can't come back!"

Then, to make sure, he took out his magic glass and looked. Sure enough, the King was packed away inside of the great Thing, which was lying down in its room with a horrid grin on its face. So he added:

"Yes, the King, your dear father, is gone for good, and he wouldn't be a nice sight if he did come back now!"

Then the Princess said:

"Then I am free to tell a great secret. I am not his daughter at all, but he stole me when a little baby from my mother, the Queen of North Polaria, a land far away and unknown to any but certain travelers who, like the King, venture far into strange regions. He has often told me that my parents still mourn for me, and hope to recover me, and before I take the crown I wish to find them and tell them that I am alive."

Davy cried eagerly:

"Permit me to conduct you to them! I know exactly where they are, and we can get there in less than two weeks!"

"I am afraid it wouldn't be proper for me to travel with a young man unless he were my husband," replied the Princess, blushing.

"Oh, that's easy!" said Davy. "Let's get married at once, and then people can't talk!"

"That certainly would be quite the correct thing; and, besides, we would then have an up-to-date king as well as a queen!" said the Court Chamberlain; and as everybody followed every suggestion of the Court Chamberlain, a great shout of joy went up from the multitude of people who had gathered on hearing that the mean, cruel old King had been swallowed by the Thing, and then Davy said:



"Before we celebrate the wedding, let's have a killing! I want to get rid of that nasty beast in that back room!"

So they got a whole barrel of chloroform and forced it into the room where the Thing was concealed; but as it succumbed very slowly to the drug it was decided to take him and confine him in a great steel cage, so that he could be exhibited to the multitude. This was done, and when Davy and his beautiful bride returned from their wedding journey, with her rejoicing parents, the King and Queen of North Polaria, there was the horrid thing in its cage and whole trainloads of people still pouring into town from the country districts, and each paying a quarter to see it roll its dreadful eyes; but I assure you it wasn't getting any more rich young men as fodder, by any means.

If it should be your good fortune to ever visit Oquimba, you may see for yourself this strange monster; and perhaps you may have the luck, as I had, to see him yawn, and it will not surprise you then to hear how easily he swallowed the cruel old King.

You may see Davy almost any day riding around in a diamond-studded automobile with Cinnabel, and if you have a letter of introduction from the Assemblyman of your district, he may perhaps show you the wonderful emerald heart and allow you to look through it, as he does very often, to see how the folks at home are getting on in your absence.

WALT McDUGALL.